on-bull-out

is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off



Here's the idea The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (atem) and lits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

It positively prevents the loss of the satch by theft, and avoids injury to it from

All watch dealers sell them without extra cost. Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to

KeystoneWatch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

AT THE TABERNACLE

"STRANGERS IN TOWN" WAS REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SUBJECT.

It Was From the Text, "I Was a fitrences

and Ye Took Me In".-Where the Stranger Should and Should Not Go-Exploring a City's Iniquities. BROOKLYN, April 8 .- Before no audience in the world could such a sermon as

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached today be so appropriate as in the Brooklyn Tabernacia, re it is estimated that 150,000 strangers attend every year. It was a sermon that had for them a special interest. The text selected was Matthew xxv, 85, "I was stranger, and ye took me in."
It is a moral disaster that jocosity has

despoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotation. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the sword of divine truth for game at fencing or chip off from the chinoor diamond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality and kindness and Christian helpfulness strangers.

By railroad and steamboat the popula

tion of the earth are all the time in mo tion, and from one year's end to anothe our cities are erowded with visitors.

Every morning on the tracks of the Hudson river, the Pennsylvania, the Eric, the Long Island railroads, there come passenger trains more than I can number, so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-clang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratifica-tion, some for sightseeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little im-pression upon them, but there are multi-tudes who, in the hotels and boarding houses, make temporary residence. They tarry hers for three or four days, or as ks. They spend the days in the and the evenings in sightseeing. Their temporary stay will make or break them not only financially, but morally, for this world and the world that is to ne. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am constone that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right

MORE AWFUL THAN WINTRY MIDNIGHT. There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the place unendurable.

There is a man who, in infancy, lay in a radle satin lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up, a foundling, on Boston common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious service, expecting no advantage and caring for no advantage for himself, while yonder is a man who has been for 10 years in an awful confla-gration of evil habits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed nature, and he is won-dering if there shall be in this service any scape or help for his immortal soul. Meet ing you only once perhaps face to face, I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition and your eter-nal well being. St. Paul's ship at Melita went to pieces where two seas meet, at we stand today at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country for beauty and elegance are not surpassed by the ho-tels in any other land, but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly spartment unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find as-signed to him a room without any pictures and perhaps any rocking chair. He will find a box of matches on a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At 7 o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he will look over his memorandum book of the day's work, he will write a letter to his home, and to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say, "I must join that procession," and in 10 minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet!" Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago there were two young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a wrong direction. e they have been going ever since.

THE HECTIC FLUSH OF DEATH. "Weil, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orches-tral baton all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I con-gratulate you. Where are you going? gratulate you. Where are you be see "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should some advertised pictures." Good. I should see your say look over like to go along with you and look ever

Now Try This. It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Communition, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

Went and saw, and came forth to my pulpit to report a plague, and to tell how sin dissects the soul.

"Oh," say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of such exploration of the inquities of the city other persons might make exploration and do themselves damage!" I reply, "If in company with the commissioner of police, and the captain of police, and the captain of police, and the inspector of police, and the captain of police, and the size of the city other persons might make exploration and do themselves damage!" I reply, "If in company with the commissioner of police, and the captain of police, and the captain of police, and the size of the city other persons might make exploration and to tell how sin and loses all the six.

"What I Eat Does Me No Good."

How often this expression is beard—Life destroying dyspepsia has hold on you when you feel thus, and should not be trifled with. There is but one remedy that can permanently our you, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then in the name of the eternal loses all the six.

"What I Eat Does Me No Good."

How often this expression is beard—Life destroying dyspepsia has hold on you when you feel thus, and should not be trifled with. There is but one remedy that can permanently our you, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite to company of two Christian gentlemen, and not you feel thus, and lose It will cost you nothing and will

Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures.

Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to the Young Men's Citristian association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a palace for its Young Men's Christian association as New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good.

A walk through Broadway at 8 o'clock at night is interesting, educating, fascinating, appelling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theater and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward and beating against the marble of the curb-

stone and eddying down into the salcona.

What is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter! It is the shrick of a lost soul.

Who is that Christian man going slong with a vial of anodyne to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man on his way to a prayer meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of belladonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between 7 and 12 o'clock at night, between for the daughter that has trudyed off to no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between 7 and 12 o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central park, is an Aus-terlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

SEXING THE SLUMS. I meet another coming down off the ho-tel steps, and I say, "Where are you go-ing?" You say, "I am going with a mer-chant of New York who has promised to show me the underground life of the city.

I am his customer, and he is going to oblige
me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establish nts in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundreds and thousands of merchants. They have a se-cret drawer in the counter, where money is kept, and the clerk goes and gets it when he wants to take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place. Shall I mention the names of some of

these great commercial establishments? I have them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men who, in that process, have been destroyed them-selves while they have been destroying others. I care not how high sounding the name of a commercial establishment if it proposes to get customers or to keep them by such a process as that. Drop their ac-quaintance. They will cheat you before you get through. They will send you a style of goods different from that which you bought by sample. They will give you underweight. There will be in the package half a dozen less pairs of suspenders than you paid for. They will rob you. Oh, you feel in your pockets and say, "Is my money gone?" They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can

never give you compensation. When one of these western merchants has been dragged by one of those commer-cial agents through the slums of the to go home. The mere ory of what he has seen will be moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a small-pox hospital for the purpose of exploration. not go there because you are afraid

And yet you go into the presence of a morto you as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body. I will undertake to say that nine-tenths of the men who have been ruined in our cities have been ruined by simply going to observe without any idea of participating. EXPLORING A CITY'S INIQUITIES.

The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, recking, pestiferous depth which blasts the eye that looks at it. In the reign of terror in 1793 in Paris peo-ple escaping from the officers of the law got into the sewers of the city and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrinth stifled with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to tell you that a great many of the men who go on the work of exploration through the underground guters of New York life never come out at any Seine river where they can wash off the pollution of the moral sewage. Stranger, if one of the representatives of a commercial establishment proposes to take you and show you the "sights" of the town and underground New York, say to him "Please, sir, what part do you propose to show me?

About 16 years ago as a minister of reli-gion I felt I had a divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or my pres-bytery, or of the newspapers, but asking the companionship of three prominent po-lice officials and two of the elders of my church I unrolled my commission, and it said: "Son of man, dig into the wall, and when I had digged into the wall behold a door, and he said, Go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here, and I went in and saw, and behold!" Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not until that time seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed my "wild cats." I had somehow been able to the iniquities of the great cities and to preach against them, but I saw, in the de-struction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuatio a temptation that had never been spokes saw thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual peroussion answering to the physical percussion the whole air would have been full of the rumble and roar and crack and thunder of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should

hear the crash, crash! WHERE RUINED SOULS ARE BURIED. Just as in the sickly season you some-imes hear the bell at the gate of the cometery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where ruined souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore." I went as a physician goes into a fever lazaretto, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That utside the door of an invalid writing s Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture, he takes the students into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw, and came forth to my pul-

God, go. But, if not, then stay away."
Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterioo when the bullets were buszing around his beed, saw a civilian on the around his head, saw a civillan on the field. He said to him: "Six, what are you doing here? Be off!" "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington finshed up and said, "God and my country demand that I be here, but you

country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here."

Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration and onto that battlefield. If you bear a like onto that battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go; if not, stay away. But you say, "Don't you think that somehow the description of those places induces popis to go and see for themselves!" I answer, yes, just as much as the description of yellow fever in some scourged city would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. But I may be addressing some stranger already destroyed. Where is he, that I may pointedly yet kindly address him? Come back and wash in the deep fountain of a Seviour's mercy. I do not give you a cup, or a challes, or a pitchnot give you a cup, or a challee, or a pitcher with a limited supply to effect your ablutions. I point you to the five occass of God's mercy. Oh, that the Atlantic and Pacific surges of divine forgiveness might roll over your soul!

GOOD MORETEG for the daughter that has trudged off to hard work because you did not take care of home. Morning for the wife who at 40 or home. Morning for the wife who at 40 or 50 years has the wrinkled face, and the stooped shoulder, and the white hair. Morning for one. Morning for all. Good morning! In God's name, good morning! In our last dreadful war the Federals and the Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one morning the brass band of the north-ern troops played the national air, and all one morning the brass band of the morta-ern troops played the national air, and all the northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappa-hannock the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie, and then all the southern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the and oncered. But after awnine one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and Fed-

erals all together united, as the tears rolled down their cheeks, in one great huzzal huzza! Well, my friends, heaven comes

very near today. It is only a stream that divides us—the narrow stream of death— and the voices there and the voices here

seem to commingle, and we join trum-pets and hosannahs and hallelulahs, and the chorus of the united song of earth and heaven is "Home, Sweet Home." Hom of bright domestic circle on earth! Hom of forgiveness in the great heart of God! Home of eternal rest in heaven! Home! THE PATAL LOOK. But suppose you are standing on a crag of the mountain, and on the edge of a prec-ipice, and all unguarded, and some one in joke or hate shall run up behind you and push you off. It is easy enough to push you off. But who would do so das-tardly a deed? Why, that is done every hour of every day and every hour of ever night. Men come to the verge of city life and say: "Now we will just look off. Come, young man, do not be afraid. Come near; let us look off." He comes to the edge and looks and looks until after awhile

> on the part of that young man. Oh, no! He was simply an explorer and sacrificed his life in discovery.
>
> A young man comes in from the councity life. "Why," he says, "did not I recertain amount of money by mail or ex-press, charges prepaid, they would send a package with which I could make a for-tune in two months, but I did not believe it. My neighbors did, but I did not. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. No man could it. No man could cheat me at the faro table. Don't I know all about the 'cue box', and the dealer's box, and the cards stuck together as though they were one, and when to hand in my checks! Oh, they can't cheat me. I know what I am about, while at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst satanic influences in the simple fact that they are going to observe. Now, if a man or woman shall go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men and women, or for the sake of being able intelligently to warn people against such perils; if, as did John Howard or Elizsuch parils; if, as did John Howard or Eliz-abeth Fry or Thomas Chalmers, they go down among the abandoned for the sake of saving them, then such explorers shall be God protected, and they will come out better than when they went in. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid cu-ficity I will take 20 per cont off your

satan sneaks up behind him and puts a hand on each of his shoulders and pushe

him off. Society says it is evil proclivity

THE SEVENTH DAY SACRED.

Sabbath morning comes. You wake up in the hotel. You have had a longer sleep than usual. You say: "Where am I? A thousand miles from home? I have no family to take to church today. My pastor will not expect my presence. I think I shall look over my accounts and study my memorandum book. Then I will write a few business letters and talk to that men chant who came in on the same train with me." Stop! You cannot afford to do it. Stopl You cannot afford to do it. "But," you say, "I am worth \$500,-000. say, "I am worth \$1,000,000." You cannot afford to do it. All you gain by break ing the Sabbath you will lose. You will lose one of three things—your intellect, your morals, or your property—and you cannot point in the whole earth to a single exception to this rule. God gives us all days and keeps one for himself. Now, if we try to get the seventh, he will upset the work of all the other six.

I remember going up Mount Washing-ton, before the railroad had been built, to the Tip-Top House, and the guide would when we were crossing a very steep and dangerous place, and he would tighten the girth of the horse and straighten the saddle. And I have to tell you that this road of life is so steep and full of peril we must at least one day in seven stop and have the harness of life readjusted and core souls we soulpred. The seven days of our souls re-equipped. The seven days of the week are like seven business partners, and you must give to each one his share or the business will be broken up. God is so generous with us; he has given you six days to his one. Now, here is a father who has seven apples, and he gives six to his greedy boy, proposing to keep one for himself. The greedy boy grabs for the other one and loses all the six.

to keep the Lord's day away from home are great many who are consistent on the hams, or the Mississippi are not concistent when they get so far off as the East river. I repeat—though it is putting it on low ground—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tearing up your government securities and putting down the price of goods and blowing up your stors. I have friends who are all the time sileing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath off that end and a little off that end They do not keep the 24 hours. The Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

I have good friends who are ac to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night and getting home be-fore church. Now, there may be occasions fore church. Now, there may be oscasions when it is right, but generally it is wrong. How if the train should run off the track into the North river? I hope your friends will not send to me to preach your funeral sermen. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand up by your side and preach—you, a Christian man, killed on a rail train traveling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sobbath day, to keep it holy." What does that mean? It means 24 hours. A man ower you a dollar. You holy." What does that mean! It means 24 hours. A man owes you a dollar. You don't want him to pay you 90 sents. You want the dollar. If God demands of us 24 hours out of the week, he means 24 hours and not 19. Oh, we want to keep vigilantly in this country the American Sabbath and not have transplanted here the European Sabbath, which, for the most part, is no Sabbath at all. If any of you have been in Paris, you know that on Sabbath morning the years population rush out toward ing the vast population rush out toward the country with baskets and bundles, and toward night they come back fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May God preserve

to us our glorious, quiet, American Sab INTO THE TOWER OF GOD'S MERCY. Oh, strangers, welcome to the great city. May you find Christ here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming from inland, from distant cities, have here found God and found him in our service. found God and found him in our service.

May that be your ease today. You thought
you were brought to this place merely for
the purpose of sightseeing. Perhaps God
brought you to this rearing city for the
purpose of working out your eternal salvation. Go back to your homes and tell
them how you met Christ here—the loving, patient, pardoning, and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but the city which has been the destruction of so many may be your eternal redemption?

A good many years ago Edward Stanley, the English commander, with his reg-iment, took a fort. The fort was manned by some 300 Spaniards. Edward Stanley came close up to the fort, leading his men, when a Spaniard thrust at him with a spear, intending to destroy his life, but Stanley caught hold of the spear, and the Spaniard, in attempting to jerk the spear away from Stanley, lifted him up into the battlements. No sooner had Stanley taken his position on the battlements than he sware his sword and his whole redment swung his sword, and his whole regiment leaped after him, and the fort was taken. So it may be with you, O stranger. The city influences which have destroyed so many and dashed them down forever shall be the means of lifting you up to the be the means of lifting you up into the tower of God's mercy and strength, your soul more than conqueror through the grace of him who has promised an especial benediction to those who shall treat you

well, saying, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." Specimen Cases. S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was roubled with neuralgia and rheuma tism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was ter-ribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had a running sore on his leg of eight than you and your crew could ever hope years' standing. Used three bottles of to. Three cheers for the ladies, I say." Electric Bitters and seven boxes of try bragging that nothing can do him any Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is round his curly head I felt that there harm. He knows about all the tricks of sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his ceive a circular in the country telling me leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box business man, and if I would only send a Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by D. J. Humphrey.

Rnocked Over by a Panther.

Mrs. Tyacke, in her book, "How I Shot My Bears," has some things to say about panthers, with which at different times she has had no little to do. Along with other things she tells this little story: Panthers not infrequently attack men.
A curious case occurred to an acquaintance of ours, a forest officer. He was walking with a friend along a forest road in the middle of the day, with an umbrella over his head to keep the sun off, when at a turn in the road they came upon a pan-

The officer was unarmed, and remember ing the time honored story he undertook to scare the panther away by pointing the umbrella at him and opening and shut-ting it. Instead of running away, however, the panther charged the office knocked him down and stood over him. The second man in the meantime had taken to his heals, and the officer's case looked desperate, but for some reason the panther did not improve his opportunity. While the prostrate officer was wondering where the beast would set his teeth first he turned away, leaving the man cor ably upset in more ways than one, but en-tirely uninjured.

Relief In Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding prompluess in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almose immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Druggist, Napoleon, O. April 27-98 ly

The Byron-Chaworth Duei.

In 1765 a celebrated duel occurred be tween the father of Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, a famous duelist. They quar-reled at a club dinner at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, about game. Chaworth was a great game preserver, and Lord Byron had argued upon the cruelty and impolicy had argued upon the crueity and impolicy of the game laws. They agreed to fight in an adjoining room by the light of only one candle. Lord Byron enterod first, and as Chaworth was shutting the door, turning his head around, he beheld Lord Byron's sword half drawn. He immediately whip-ped his own weapon out, and making a lunge at his lordship ran it through his waisteoat, conceiving that his sword had waistoost, conceiving that his sword had gone through his body. Lord Byron closed, and shortening his sword stabbed Mr. Chaworth. The challenge had proceeded from Chaworth. Lord Byron read his de fense to the house of lords and was found guilty of manslaughter, and upon the privilege of his peerage was discharged on pay-ing his fees.—Pail Mall Gazette.

Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine in the legiti-farsaparilla as a blood medicine in the legiti-mate and natural growth of many years. It
"Gun burst, sir. For God's sake don's mate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from parent to child, say he's going!" and is the favorite family medicine in thous ands of households. The phospitate marks of New Jersey have been worked for fertilizers since 1768.

In surveying marl beds a boring appara-tus made of half inch gas piping is used. It gives good results to a depth of 30 feet. There are over 16,000 bachelors in Man-There are over 16,000 bachetors in Man-itoba, and they send word through their government that if that number of Eng-land's "superfluous" women will emigrate to Manitoba the proceedings may be muTHE PHESE BIRD IN SPRING.

"he water drips from the mossy saves well drops on last year's leaves.

In yearth is wrapped in a vale of mist, The a cough this gauns of amethyst And th. phebe's note, so clear, so sweet the call of hebel Phebel Phebel hebel Phebel

The sun is cheda. 'ng its rosy glow
On tufts of errous. 't stone wall.
That hloom by the co. 't stone wall.
That hloom by the co. 'the waterfa And from the woods by
We faintly hear, so cless.
The call of the phebe birds
Phebel Phebel Phebel

The breath of violets most race
Is waited on the gentle sir,
While from each mead and form dell
Comes a plaintive note like a sil, or bell,
So piereing fine, so clear, so sweet.
The call of the phebe bird:
Phebel Phebel Phebel
—Allee B. Waite in New York S.

A DECEPTION.

The bembardment had come to an md. Every fort along the line had been silenced, and in common with the other men-of-war lying in the harbor we were

sending landing parties ashors.

As chief surgeon on board I was busy below with the poor fellows who lay suffering unspeakable agenies with compressed lips and white, baggard faces.

Bending down with my assista over the prostrate body of a young middy, I did not hear footsteps approaching and started when some one laid his hand on my shoulder. It was Lieutenar

"Carter, old man," he said as I stood up and wiped my hands, "this rough work has niggered me a bit. I've got a nasty knock here, see?" He lifted up his left arm painfully with his right hand, and I then saw that the dark blue cloth was torn and stained and stiff with congealed blood.

"Bit of a small shell." he continued. with easy carelessness. "I want you to doctor it up a bit, for I've got to go ashore with Teaser.

Teaser was his gnn. It was a light machine gun, a capital weapon for square or retreat work. Patterson was a erfect shild with his gun. He treated it as if it were one of his greatest friends on earth.

"There's going to be some sport on the other side of those batteries, I can ssure you," he said, pointing with his thumb through the porthole toward the

"Old Teaser's going to make things num round there a bit, or she's going for old iron when we get back. Candidly, Carter, did you ever see a gun like her? Did you ever see a piece of metal pump bullets like she does? Lord, I'd stick against a dead wall and buck up 500 howling niggers with her single hand-

When I had fixed him up, we went on deck. The hot air between the bulk-heads made me feel sick and dizzy, and I wondered at a government like ours taking it into their heads to send out women as nurses among the wounded.

Out in the offing I could see the transport that was bringing the soldiers and

The advent of the women was a confounded nuisance. I told Harold so.
"Fie, doctor," he said. "I should

never have thought it of you! Shame on you for speaking of the ladies in that disrespectful way. Why, the little dears, they'll be the means of bringing round the fellows a lot more quickly

And as he raised his cap and waved it was a soft place in his heart for women in general by reason of the fact that one of them far back in England was sighing for her bronzed and handsome lover, who was just now so enthusiastically

championing their cause.

But although I had been in his company for at least three weeks he had never once mentioned to me the name of the girl I was now convinced was responsible for this outburst of vehemen

His wound did not prevent his taking his place in the pinnace. Teaser was there in the bow, carefully wrapped in vellow tarpaulin. I watched them take her ashore and

saw through my glasses how carefully and tenderly he superinteded her manipulation until at length the whole batery disappeared from sight through a breach in the fortifications. A couple of hours later the big transport arrived. She brought out two regi-

ments and half a dozen voluntary nurses One of them came to our ship. I fear the reception I gave her wasn't a very cordial one, but I didn't want her there at all and expressed my annoyance in my actions.

The expression of the face, tanned by

exposure during the voyage, was firm and intellectual, and there was a look of businesslike suavity about her manner that we doctors always admire in any one. But time alone would show her worth. In the cool of the evening I had the

sick brought up on deck. There were few serious cases, and for these I could do no more than I had already done. Nurse sat reading by one of them. She had a remarkably clear and well balanced voice, and I could see the poor fellows on either side straining their ears

to catch the sweet sounds that had been

foreign to them for so long. I leaned over the bulwarks and watched landing parties returning to their respective ships. I could see a couple of the men of our boat impatiently walking up and down the beach, while the others stood with boathooks keeping the pinnace a few yards out and off the

Then through the breach 20 yards above them came the remainder of our party. They were walking slowly and carrying some of their number. I could

When they came alongside, the two wounded were handed up. One was a seaman. He was taken below. The other

His face and part of his body was covered with a blood stained cloth, but I saw the legs and the sturdy arms, and a big lump came up in my throat. As I turn-The confidence that people have in Ayer's ed to follow them down below one of

> They loved him, all these men did. He had been like a brother to them. I knelt by the side of the boy—he was only a boy. He still breathed, though alightly, but, cruel sight! he was blind, and his once handsome face was horribly disfigured.
>
> He raised his hand slowly and felt

my face. I bent down to catch the words my arm and carried the fingers up to which fell from his moving lips.
"Ah, Carter, old fellow, I'm back,
you—you see. Low—trick of—Teaser

asn't it? Thought she might have had deal as she did. I do not know her no

His lips moved again, and as I bent ship for the transport a few we down I heard a light footstep behind at the termination of the war. She came over and knelt on the oppo-site side of the mattress and took his

hand in hers. He gave a little start and then removed the hand which he was holding on my breast and smoothed the one that held his. "Hullo, Minnie! You're-late to-

night-never do to be late. Naughtylittle—girl. I've been—wanting you a lot—dear. I've missed you—dreadfully. Ha ve you—missed me, Minnie?"

Oa t of pure delicacy I arose quietly and wi hdrew. When I came back at the end oa a quarter of an hour, he was smoothing har cheeks. Then the poor hand passed down over the collar of her dress, down to the bib

the collar of her dies, I kiw, was wet with he life's blood.

'Been gardening, Minnie?' he murmured as his hand came into contact with the moisture. "You've got yourself wet. You'll catch cold, deary.

careful." Then another short silence, while the hand traveled up to the bouny head of hair that crowned her form. Slowly and painfully he drew out the

hairpins, one by one, and the tresses fell down over her shoulders onto the blood stained coverlet. "You-haven't had it-all cut off. You told me you would But that-was long-ago. I thought you-didn't mean

She was a brave woman, that nurse. Few could have gone through the or-

I do not even know her name, and I have never seen her since she left the ship for the transport a few weeks later

The heat of the cockpit, combined with the motion of the vessel, made me feel a bit giddy, and I went up for a breath of fresh air. I tried to look cheerful and to speak a word to the

purser as I passed him.

But, confound it all, the word wouldn't come, and the dry, tickling ensation in my throat made me cough until my eyes watered. But I never could leave the dying boy

down there without me, so down I went

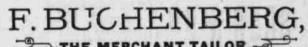
"And-now-you'll kiss me, Minnie -won't you?"

I looked at the eyeless and blackened cuntenance as he turned his poor head toward her. I looked at the pale, quiv-ering lips of the noble girl who had thus lightened the end of one for whom she had nothing more than pity. He placed both arms about her neck, and he kissed him.—Pearson's Weekly.

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